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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## MY SHIPS.

Ah, years ago, no matter where,  
Beneath what roof or sky,  
I dreamed of days, perhaps remote  
When ships of mine that were afloat  
Should in the harbor lie;  
And all the costly freights they bore  
Enrich me both in mind and store.

What dreams they were of argosies,  
Laden in many a clime;  
So stoutly built, so bravely manned,  
No fear but they would come to land  
At their appointed time.  
And I should see them, one by one,  
Close furl their sails in summer's sun?

And then, while men in wonder stood  
My ships I would unlade;  
My treasures vast they should be-  
hold,  
And to my learning or my gold.  
(What honors would be paid!)  
And though the years might come and  
go,  
I could but wiser, richer grow.

In later years, no matter where,  
Beneath what roof or sky,  
I saw the dreams of days remote  
Fade out, and ships that were afloat,  
As drifting wrecks go by;  
And all the many freights they bore  
Lay fathoms deep or strewed the  
shore!

While ships of which I never thought  
Were sailing o'er the sea,  
And, one by one, with costlier load,  
In safety all the voyage rode,  
And brought their freights to me;  
Then what I lost a trifle seemed,  
And I was richer than I dreamed,

No wondering crowd, with envious  
eye,  
Looked on my treasures rare;  
Yet they were wghtier far than gold;  
They still increase, though I grow old,  
And are beyond compare;  
Would all the restless hearts I see  
Had ships like these that came to me!  
—A. D. Randolph.

## THE BLIMP AND THE ROGUE.

One morning while up making  
observations in a small dirigible that  
the British and the South Africans  
used in their campaign against  
Germans East Africa two young  
aviators had a novel adventure, not  
with Germans, but with another  
doughty belligerent of the region.  
The scene of the adventure was a  
great tract of high grass and canes  
between the Rukwa River and Lake  
Rukwa. One of the aviators was a  
Scotchman from Johannesburg,  
named McLellan; the other was an  
Australian from Sydney, named  
Gurney.

The engineer of this blimp—as  
dirigibles that are provided with  
 motive power are often called—had  
 gone wrong, and the aviators were  
using their craft as a captive balloon.  
They had sent it up to a height of  
five or six hundred feet when a sud-  
den squall struck them and set balloon  
and observers adrift.

"When the tornado first struck  
us," young Dugald McLellan said  
in relating what followed, "the  
balloon bobbed suddenly down a  
hundred feet or more before the  
cable broke. The basket swung and  
twirled about in a manner past be-  
lieve. I thought we should surely  
bump against the earth at the end of  
the rope; but the rope broke, and  
away we went off across the savanna  
to the west of the cantonment. The  
squall swept us on, twirling and  
tumbling, and all we could do was  
to hang on.

"I suppose we went fifteen  
miles in as many minutes.  
The squall abated as suddenly as it  
had struck us, and we let out gas at  
once so as not to be carried farther  
away. We were sagging slowly to-  
ward what seemed to be a sea of  
high yellow grass with here and  
there a few palm trees, when sud-  
denly I made out the brown backs of a  
whole herd of elephants disporting  
themselves about a water hole be-  
neath us.

"Three or four of them raised  
their trunks, and then their ears.  
They had either seen or scented us.  
A big tusker, the leader of the herd,  
trumpeted gruffly twice, and then  
away they all ran, thirty or forty of  
them. They struck a twenty-mile  
creek and went through the high  
grass with loud swishing sounds.  
" ' Lucky they're shy!' Gurney  
exclaimed. ' If they had taken a  
notion to investigate, it might have  
been unpleasant.'"

"We were now wholly clear of  
the squall and in a dead calm again.  
But presently a little breath of air  
looked us on for two or three hundred  
yards toward a number of palms and

some thickets on the bank of a  
creek. We wished to save the bal-  
loon if we could, and I now threw  
out a grapple and line, hoping to  
catch something and come to a  
standstill, so that we could let out  
the rest of the gas and fold up the  
bag before starting to make our way  
back to camp. The grapple caught  
in brush.

"We may as well fetch her  
down here," I said; and Gurney  
pulled the valve open again, to let  
the rest of the gas go.

"At that moment we heard a  
fiendish shriek close by, and there  
rushed out of the shade of some  
palms, where he had been lying up,  
the ugliest old tusker ever hunter  
set eyes on!

"The moment I saw him I knew  
he was a rogue. Very often there is  
one hanging round the outskirts of a  
herd—an old male elephant, gener-  
ally a big one, that has long been the  
herd leader. Time has begun to tell  
on him, and of late some lusty young  
male has rebelled against him. There  
has been a battle, with the rest of  
the herd looking on, and the young  
champion has run the old leader out  
and taken his place. This old boy  
doesn't like it a bit. He hates the  
big, impertinent youngster, and he  
would kill him if he could. Gener-  
ally he tries to, time and again, but  
he only gets a worse drubbing and  
maybe breaks a tusk. The young  
lady elephants flout him when he  
comes sneaking up to the herd, and  
as soon as the young champion es-  
pies him he has to run again, or  
catch it worse. He sinks lower and  
lower in public esteem and in his  
own. He grows bitter and misan-  
thropic and gets cross and dangerous  
to everything that comes near.

"I knew that this was a rogue  
the instant he charged. The basket  
was now just brushing the top of  
the grass, and the brute looked so  
savage that Gurney jumped out and  
dived into the high grass. I grab-  
bed for a rifle we had aboard. As  
Gurney jumped, the balloon, relieved  
his weight, started to rise again.  
"That elephant was so close to  
us that he actually reached for the  
basket with his trunk. I shall  
never forget how red his wicked  
little eyes looked, how his big  
leathery ears stuck up, and what a  
perfectly fiendish scream he sent at  
me as the basket swung over his  
head.

"Gas was whizzing out all the  
while, for Gurney had tied the valve  
cord down, and the balloon had not  
risen more than twenty feet before  
it began to settle toward the earth  
again. The whole big sack was  
flapping and collapsing overhead.  
The basket banged against one of  
the palm trunks, fouled the drop-  
ping leaves, then swung out over  
the open creek bed and came down  
suddenly in water and mud.

"I hadn't jumped, and the whole  
tangle of cords and collapsed sack  
flopped down over me, but not  
before I caught sight of the old  
tusker smashing through the  
thickets and wallowing in the  
creek bed. He still wanted me!  
But I was so completely tangled in  
all those cords that I couldn't have  
run if I had tried; and in a moment  
more the whole sack was down on  
me. Whether I should be smothered  
with gas or crushed under water  
by the weight of the balloon, I did  
not know.

"Fortunately, the water was not  
deep; the basket did not settle  
much, and its sides held the sack up  
off me. I lay still, for I could hear  
old leather-ears splashing round and  
tugging at the network of cords. I  
imagine that he didn't like the  
smell of the gas. He blared now  
and then as if he were puzzled; evi-  
dently he could not make out where  
I had gone.

"What had become of Gurney I  
didn't know, but I guessed that he  
was hiding in the grass. As it turned  
out, he was equally anxious about  
me; and by and by I heard him  
call to me in low tones from be-  
hind the creek bank.

"I did not dare answer at first,  
but the old outlaw heard him, too,  
and, after listening a moment, rushed  
up the bank to hunt for him.

"Look out!" I shouted. 'He's  
coming!'

"I didn't know it at the time,  
but while the elephant was down by  
the balloon Gurney had crawled to the  
foot of a small palm and had  
shinned up the trunk to where he  
could throw one leg over the stem

of a drooping frond. From that  
perch he had looked down into the  
creek bed to see what had become of  
me. I had kept so quiet that he  
had been afraid I was killed. At  
last he had shouted. He was up  
high enough to be out of reach, and  
when I answered he shouted again,  
'I'm all right!'

"But at the sound of his voice  
the tusker rushed in that direction,  
and coursing round the palm tree,  
blared at him. Finding Gurney out  
of reach, the creature threw a turn  
round the palm with his trunk, and  
setting back, gave two or three tugs  
at it, but failed to break the tree.

"While that was going on I  
squirreled round in the basket, got  
hold of the rifle and sprang in a car-  
tridge; then I managed to thrust  
aside the folds of the big sack, so  
that I could peep out from under  
them. I couldn't see much; but I  
hailed Gurney again and found  
where he was. We talked a little  
back and forth, trying to hit on some  
plan to get out of the scrape.

"The old rascal is listening!"  
Gurney shouted. 'Look out! He's  
going back to you!'

"I heard the bears come splash-  
ing down into the mud and water,  
and a moment later I saw one of his  
big legs swing past the opening that  
I had made for the rifle. I let drive,  
and I knew that I had hit him.

"A rogue elephant is a queer  
beast, cowardly, vindictive and  
murderous. No elephant likes to  
get hurt. Wound a lion or a rhino-  
ceros, and he will come for you;  
but if you wound and really hurt an  
elephant, the chances are that he  
will run away. This one did.  
When he felt that bullet he put off  
up the bed of the creek, trumpeting  
to wake the dead.

"We waited a while, till we felt  
sure that the elephant wasn't coming  
back; then Gurney slid down and  
helped me lift the folds of the bal-  
loon so that I could crawl out. We  
took our bearings and started back  
for the cantonment. Traveling  
through that high grass was not  
easy; but after three or four miles  
we met a mounted detail out in  
search of us."—C. A. Stephens, in  
*Youth's Companion*.

## MEN TO LOOK UP TO.

I believe in hero worship, if by  
the term you mean the loving  
admiration of great men. My  
favorite study has always been  
biography, and next to that, history,  
which when properly written is  
largely an account of the doings of  
extraordinary men. I did not  
know, when a boy, that this admira-  
tion for great men is a virtue; and  
when at the age of twenty I chanced  
to open Thomas Carlyle's *Hero  
Worship*, I felt that he was merely  
saying things that I had felt and  
known all my life.

It is a good fortune to be born  
with a strong inclination to look  
upward. It helps you to get the  
most out of life. The people who  
habitually look down do not have a  
very comfortable or profitable time.  
The person who is able to admire no  
one must feel terrible lonesome and  
bored. I pity the man who can  
find no one before whom he is  
willing to bow. One of the reasons  
why so many persons are unhappy  
is that they have never cultivated  
the grace of humility. Those hearts  
are happiest that know best how to  
love and adore.

## WHEN THE ELEPHANT CAME

Goethe said that there are three  
reverences: one for that above us,  
one for that round us, and one for  
that beneath us. The reverence for  
what is above us is the earliest to be  
developed, and it is often, alas! the  
one that is the soonest lost. Young  
men not yet out of their teens some-  
times seem unable to find anything  
worth admiring in any man living  
or dead, and they sit down exulting  
in the seat of the scornful. But  
that man is doomed to an impover-  
ished life who loses the faculty of  
looking upward. He never rises  
high who does not know how to  
kneel.

It is said that a boy is largely an  
animal. In the animal stage of my  
career I began to develop symptoms  
of an embryonic hero worship.  
There was in me from the start a  
deep-seated and ineradicable fond-  
ness for big animals. The elephant  
was my favorite. Elephants were not

abundant in that part of the world in  
which I grew up, but, fortunately  
for me, there were traveling circuses  
that made periodic visits to our little  
town, and a circus always had at  
least one elephant, and sometimes  
two. The arrival of the elephant  
was a great event. I looked forward  
to elephant day with far more eager-  
ness than to Christmas. Coming  
events cast their shadows before;  
and when the shadow of that ap-  
proaching elephant fell on my eye-  
lids, I could not sleep. Sometimes  
the elephant walked in from the  
nearest town. In that case I always  
went out to meet him. Sometimes  
he came by freight, and then I stood  
reverently by and saw that he was  
properly landed. When the parade  
passed through the town, I proudly  
walked as near the elephant as I  
could. It did me good to love  
elephants; it expanded my heart.

But this elephant worship after a  
few years passed away. As I be-  
came more and more human, I began  
to bow down before great humans.  
What a rapture there is in admiration!  
I do not mean that niggardly and  
reluctant admiration which is so  
common among those who are grown  
up, but that full-toned, overflowing,  
glorious admiration of which a  
healthy boy's heart is capable. As  
we grow old we become more critical,  
and it is more difficult to please us.  
Our eyes are opened to blemishes  
that escaped us in the morning of  
life; but in boyhood a hero is every  
inch a hero, and the greatness of  
great men suffers no subtractions.

The first great men to awe my  
heart were political orators who ap-  
peared from time to time in the  
midst of political campaigns. They  
were all flaming patriots, and, like  
so many Atlases, carried the world  
on their shoulders. Solomon was  
not so wise as the least of them, and  
every one of them spoke with the  
eloquence of Demosthenes. I was  
thrilled and swayed by the music of  
their golden speech. The names of  
most of them have faded, but the  
spell of their eloquence is on me  
still. They gave me something that  
the thieving years can never take  
away. They made me realize that  
we have a nation, and that it is a  
nation to be loved and served.

They baptized me into the belief  
that public affairs are of moment,  
and they trained my young heart to  
beat in unison with the music of the  
Union.  
One of the giants in those days  
was James A. Garfield. When not  
yet famous he came one day to speak  
in our town hall. I have forgotten  
everything he said, but the soul of  
one sentence abides. In speaking of  
our republic, he compared it with  
the ocean, and declared that a drop  
might rise from the ocean's depths  
and cast back the sunlight from the  
crest of the highest billow. The  
sentence thrilled the great audience  
that heard it and carried me to the  
stars. The things that thrill us are  
the things that change the texture  
of our lives. I grew in stature  
under the magic of Garfield's be-  
witching speech. His words were  
prophetic. Years afterwards he be-  
came President of the United States.  
In college he had swept recitation  
rooms to pay for his tuition, and in  
the fullness of time he was permitted  
to sit in the chair of Washington  
and Lincoln. The humble drop  
from the ocean's depths cast back  
the sun from the highest billow.

## THE COLLEGE LECTURER

At the age of eighteen I went to  
college. On looking back over my  
college years, I discover that the  
hours that have faded least under  
the sunlight and the snows of the  
seasons are the hours in which I was  
permitted to stand in the presence  
of a great man. The great men of  
my college world were lecturers.  
They came from afar, tarried only  
for an evening, and then vanished  
to return no more. Each one left  
me in an altered world. They  
threw round me larger horizons and  
set me breathing the atmosphere of  
loftier heights.

One of these miracle-working men  
was Bob Burdette. He had an  
enormous reputation for being funny,  
and so I began to laugh internally  
before he began to speak. It was  
not long until my laughter became  
vocal, and before the lecture was  
half over I was so hilarious that it is  
a wonder a policeman did not put  
me out. I have often wished that I  
could hear that lecture again. It

had a dog in it that I would give  
worlds to see. Years afterwards I  
met Mr. Bardette in California.  
He had become a minister of the  
gospel, and was so sober and human  
and ordinary that it was hard for me  
to believe that he was really the same  
man who had mesmerized me thirty  
years before.

One evening Joseph Cook came  
our way—the majestic and unparal-  
leled Joseph! For months we had  
been reading about him and his  
amazing exploits. He was a sort of  
Samson, who could carry off the  
gates of Gaza and put flight vast  
hosts of unbelieving Philistines. He  
came to us at the very summit of his  
fame, when he seemed to have got  
the start of the majestic world and  
to be bearing the palm alone. Had  
word arrived from Mars that one of  
the philosophers of that planet was  
to lecture in our opera house, I  
should not have been more profound-  
ly moved. I counted the hours  
before the great lecturer was to ap-  
pear. I shuddered at the thought  
that I might die before this Titan of  
the East arrived. I lived! I saw  
him! I heard him! I do not re-  
member what he said, but the  
memory of the exaltation of my mood  
is still vivid. I gazed on him as a  
little child gazes on a star. I was  
too thoroughly awed to think—I  
merely sat and felt. After the lec-  
ture I followed this son of thunder  
through the street, but I did not go  
very near him, for I was afraid that  
he would turn and look at me.

John B. Gough came, and he, too  
was a magician. I had heard of  
him for years, and now at last my  
eyes beheld him, and my ears heard  
him. His voice had in it something  
that found the cupules in the  
blood. He made us laugh and cry  
just as he chose. I was amazed  
that any man should be able to work  
such wonders. I wished I could  
look inside his skull and see what  
the Almighty had hidden there. As  
this was impossible, I noticed care-  
fully the shape of his forehead and  
the cut of his mouth and the expres-  
sion of his eyes. I would travel a  
thousand miles to hear a man who  
could be as eloquent to me now as  
John B. Gough was on that never-  
to-be-forgotten evening.

At last the great Henry Ward  
Beecher paid us a visit. I obtained  
a seat directly in front of him. I  
knew my eyes were open; I am not  
sure about my mouth. From boy-  
hood I had heard about the famous  
Brooklyn preacher, and now at last  
I was to be permitted to hear him!  
I had always idolized him as the great-  
est of orators, and now I was to  
hear what real oratory is.

He began his lecture in a quiet,  
conversational tone. That surprised  
me not a little, for, if a man was an  
orator, it seemed to me he ought not  
to waste time in being something  
else. But the speaker was merely  
a quiet-voiced gentleman saying  
things in a clam and sensible way.  
I forgave him, however, for I knew  
that after he once got down to busi-  
ness he would show us what he  
could do.  
But he simply went on and on and  
on. After a while I forgot to pay  
attention to just how he was going  
on. I simply drank in the words as  
they flowed from his lips, and then  
all at once he stopped,—just why I  
did not understand, for surely he  
had not spoken for more than ten or  
twelve minutes,—and I felt con-  
fident that he would, after getting his  
breath, begin again. But to my  
dismay he walked off the stage, and  
the lecture was actually ended. I  
looked at my watch. It said that he  
had spoken for more than an hour.  
I could not understand it. I compar-  
ed my watch with the watch of a  
friend. They both said the same  
thing.

## WHAT BEECHER TAUGHT

A new idea of eloquence began to  
dawn on me. I had always sup-  
posed it was the art of saying things in  
such a dramatic way that everyone  
would sit enraptured, exclaiming,  
"Ah, this is eloquence!" I now  
began to surmise that eloquence is  
talking in such a way that the hear-  
er forgets the clock and merges his  
soul in the soul of the speaker.  
That is what had happened to me.

On going home I realized that I  
had not recognized the greatness of  
the speaker until the moment in  
which he ceased. I did not know  
how high I was until he left me, and  
I was obliged to clamber down to

the level of my ordinary existence.  
I learned that night that eloquence  
is neither declamation nor any sort  
of verbal pyrotechnics, but the art  
of using words in such a way that  
the clock stops and the forces of the  
spirit are set free.

College days over, he question  
arose where I was to pursue my  
post-graduate studies. I was to be a  
lawyer, and various Western law  
schools beckoned me, but they had  
no attraction, because they were in  
cities that were lacking in great men  
known to me. Boston was the only  
city in the country at that time that  
abounded in great men who had  
come within the circle of my know-  
ledge.

All through college I had burned  
incense at the shrine of Emerson,  
and one day Mr. Bronson Alcott of  
Concord had spoken to us, telling  
us to eat apples and live forever.  
Through his *Ten Great Religions* I  
had come to know James Freeman  
Clarke, and the speeches of Wendell  
Phillips I knew almost by heart.  
And then there were Edward  
Everett Hale and Oliver Wendell  
Holmes and James Russell Lowell  
and Julia Ward Howe, and several  
others of the shining company of  
the immortals. Although it was my  
purpose to study law, I did not care  
to study it unless I could do it in  
the presence of the great.

One day, soon after my arrival in  
Cambridge, I happened to meet  
Oliver Wendell Holmes on Boston  
Common. I was not expecting to  
see him, and when he suddenly  
stood in flesh and blood before me,  
looking just like his picture, my  
heart almost ceased to beat. Later  
I heard the Autocrat of the Break-  
fast Table recite his Chamber Nauti-  
lus. He did it like a little school-  
boy, and I loved him more than  
ever.

## THE MAN WHO CHANGED MY LIFE

As rapidly as possible I got my  
eyes on all my heroes, and because  
they were so near me the world was  
like an enchanted palace. One day  
I saw a great man whose fame had  
not reached me in the West—Phillips  
Brooks. No one who ever saw  
Phillips Brooks ever forgot him.  
Physically he was superb:

A combination and a form indeed,  
Where every god did seem to set his  
seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man.

His mind was even more wonder-  
ful than his body, and his heart was  
as equal to his mind. And when the  
great preacher stood in the pulpit  
and flooded his congregation with  
his thought and feeling, the heart  
instinctively cried, "It is good to be  
here!" Indeed, it was so good to be  
in Trinity, that I found myself there  
almost every Sunday, and the often-  
er I went the less attractive to me  
was the law library in the State  
House on Beacon Hill. Before  
many months had passed I decided  
not to be a lawyer, but to be a preach-  
er. The course of my whole life  
was changed by this one great man!

The poet Keats once said, "I  
have not the slightest feeling of  
humility toward the public, or to  
anything in existence but the Eternal  
Being, the Principle of Beauty,  
and the Memory of Great Men."  
It is true, as Tennyson says in his  
Ode on the Death of the Duke of  
Wellington, "On God and godlike  
men we build our trust." The  
Roman Emperor Alexander Severus  
is said to have had in his oratory  
nothing except the statues of great  
men. Another Roman, the philoso-  
pher Seneca, believed that we ought  
to choose some good man and always  
have him before our eyes, that we  
may live as if he watched us, and do  
everything as if he saw.

Mark Rutherford in one of his  
volumes tells of a call he once made  
Thomas Carlyle. This single inter-  
view with the great Scotchman he  
always regarded as one of the most  
important events in his entire life.  
His advice to all young people is  
never to lose a chance of making the  
acquaintance of great men and  
women. They communicate to us  
something that makes it easier to  
walk with a noble tread after we  
have kept step even for a brief hour  
with one of God's true noble-  
men.

Robert Browning told this incident  
to Dean Farrar: "Once I was  
walking with my son, who was then  
a little boy, in the streets of Paris.  
We saw an old man approaching us  
in a long, loose, rather shabby coat,

and with a stopping, shuffling atti-  
tude and gait. 'Touch that man as  
you pass him,' I whispered to my  
son. 'I will tell you why after-  
wards.' The child touched him as  
he passed, and I said to him, 'Now,  
my boy, you will always be able to  
remember in later years that you  
once saw and touched the great Ber-  
anger.'"

It is not many great men whom  
you can touch with your finger tip,  
but that is no great loss. You can  
touch them with your mind, your  
heart, your spirit. You can pro-  
strate your soul before them and al-  
low them to bless you.—Charles Ed-  
ward Jefferson, in *Youth's Com-  
panion*.

## A GAME: THE SWIFT RUNNERS.

First we hunted out, from some  
old magazines, pictures of about a  
dozen horses, and stuck each on a  
bit of cardboard, and then cut them  
out. Next we cut a long strip of  
stiff cardboard from a box, and stick  
the horses on, all in a row, so that  
their feet part only were stuck on  
and their heads were up above the  
strip; next we gummed a V-shaped  
bit of cardboard at the back to make  
it stand up properly, like a photo-  
frame, you know; and then we cut  
some round holes in the strip of card-  
board, one under each horse, just  
big enough for a little marble to run  
through. We found names for each  
horse, and printed them on in red  
ink; we had Beauty, Bess, Broncho,  
Star, Black Rob, Greyhound, Dash,  
Jill, Bunty Rufus and Nell.

We got somebody who is not go-  
ing to play to mark numbers at the  
back of each horse in pencil, so that  
we shall know which horse has the  
highest numbers. Then we each  
take a marble and have three ties,  
rolling it from the other end of the  
table through one of the holes. Of  
course, we don't know which are  
the highest numbers, because we  
must not look. When we have had  
ten turns each, we count up the  
numbers at the back of the horses  
through which our marbles went.—  
*The Child's Companion*.

## What Constitutes Being Really a Poor Man

A man is poor:  
If he is without friends.  
If he has low-lying ideals.  
If he has a guilty conscience.  
If he has lost his self-respect.  
If he has lost his grip upon him-  
self.

If he lacks education and refine-  
ment.  
If he is selfish, uncharitable or  
cruel.  
If he has forfeited his health for  
wealth.

If his mind and soul have been  
neglected.  
If he has traded away his charac-  
ter for his money.  
If his wife and family do not love  
and respect him.  
If he has a disagreeable disposi-  
tion that makes enemies or repels  
people.  
If making money has crowded out  
the cultivation of his esthetic facul-  
ties.

The teacher had asked Willie  
about seventeen questions, to each  
of which the reply had been monoton-  
ously unsatisfactory.  
"Four times eight?"  
"Don't know."  
"Five times seven?"  
"Don't know."  
"Willie, I am wondering if there  
is anything at all that you can really  
answer!" exclaimed the exasperated  
pedagogue.

"Yes, ma'am. The telephone."

## FAIR

under the auspices of the  
**W. P. A. S.**

BENEFIT OF THE COAL FUND

Friday and Saturday,  
November 6th and 7th

MRS. JAMES B. GASS,  
Chairman.



## Deaf Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1925.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue), is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year, - - - - \$2.00  
To Canada and Foreign Countries, - \$2.50

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

ON account of Labor Day being a holiday, it is necessary to postpone till next week the report of the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue, which took place at West Hartford, Ct., on Monday, September 7th. It will be given in next issue together with a report of the Reunion of the Hartford Alumni Association, which was held on Saturday, September 5th. Several interesting news letters are also postponed for lack of time.

### COMPLETE ADDRESS FOR MAIL.

THE Post Office Department has for some time past been conducting an intensive and nation-wide campaign with the view to having mail plainly, completely and correctly addressed. The cooperation of merchants and other business organizations is earnestly solicited. Merchants and others in business can aid materially by including in their letter and bill heads, and other stationery, particular order blanks, envelopes, etc., and also in all advertisements, in magazines and in newspapers, their complete street address.

In effecting delivery of mail in large cities, it must be first distributed to station districts and then to carrier routes. It is obvious that mail is more expeditiously distributed by street and number as when only the name of a firm or building is used, the location must be known to the postal clerk. Names of buildings are frequently changed and in many cases similar. The number of office buildings is increasing so rapidly that the use of names exclusively in addressing mail makes it difficult for post office clerks and railway mail clerks to memorize their names and locations; where, if the street number is used, correct distribution may be made quickly, without regard to the name of the firm or office building.

To expedite the handling and distribution of mail, there are employed large forces of clerks at night and in the early morning hours, and a considerable quantity of mail is distributed on trains by railway mail clerks, in order that it may be ready for delivery immediately upon reaching the post office of address, and the co-operation of patrons in using building numbers instead of, or in addition to, building names will enable this great force of men to make more effective distribution.

The practice of addressing mail to an avenue or street corners tends to confuse the distributor and promotes delays in delivery. Many of the intersecting corners of streets

and avenues are located within the territory of two or more postal station delivery districts. Without definite street number the mail may be misdirected and subsequently further delayed by being assorted to the wrong carrier route, several different carrier routes serving the mail for the various corners. The proper way is to address mail to house number and street.

The inclusion of the number of the room, as well as the building number and name of street, enables the carrier promptly to route such mail for proper delivery, and that this is especially true when an inexperienced substitute carrier is working in place of the regular carrier, or when a new carrier is assigned to the route, which might result in the mail being sent to the directory section for proper address, necessitating further delay in delivery.

Railway mail clerks make distribution enroute on trains on railroad lines terminating in States distant from here. Many of these mail clerks have probably never visited this city. The scheme of distribution they study is based on street or avenue address, house numbers being a necessary and important factor.

Merchants, firms or other patrons, who receive mail through post office boxes, should print the number of their post office box and postal station district on their stationery as their mail address, otherwise delays will result. As previously indicated, mail is distributed according to street address, and if the lock box number is omitted, the mail is sorted to the carrier and he readdresses or re-mails the mail to the lock box window, thus making an additional handling involving delay which could be avoided.

The foregoing suggestions, relative to addresses on mail intended for delivery at business places, applies in equal force to matter directed to apartment houses. It is a distinct advantage to include in the address the street and number of the apartment building, also the apartment or suite number.

Cooperation by merchants and business concerns generally, along the lines indicated, will result in expeditious handling and delivery of mail frequently avoiding many hours delay. Many firms and corporations have titles that appear similar, and the street location and number will often prevent wrong delivery.

### Quick Excavation.

When Sir Harry Lauder, the Scottish comedian, gave an entertainment to the Canadian up near Ypres, he took his place at the bottom of a sort of natural amphitheatre, on the sides of which the soldiers grouped themselves. After he was through he stood talking with one of the officers, and asked him how often the German shells landed fair inside the concentration camp.

"Oh, I don't know," said the officer slowly. He looked around. "You know that hole you were singing in just now?"

I nodded, says the comedian. I had guessed that it had been made by a shell.

"Well, that's the result of a Boche shell," he said. "If you'd come yesterday we'd have had to find another place for your concert."

"Oh! Is that so?" I said.

"Ay," he said, and grinned. "We didn't tell you before, Harry, because we didn't want you to feel nervous or anything like that while you were singing. But it was obliging of Fritz, now wasn't it? Think of his taking the trouble to dig out a fine theatre for us that way!"

"It was obliging of him, to be sure," I said rather dryly.

"That's what we said," said the officer. "Why, as soon as I saw the hole that shell had made, I said to Campbell, 'By Jove, there's the very place for Harry Lauder's concert tomorrow!' And he agreed with me!"

### ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

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Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, Missionary, 3226 N. 16th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Last Sunday, Litany and Sermon, 3:30 P.M.  
Other Sundays, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:30 P.M.  
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## CHICAGO.

The birds are flying southward and the great guys pass thru town. From far and near they come, old dear—these silents of re-known: One drove for sixteen thousand miles; one brings a Coped bride; And one—they say—but wanders round the charming countryside; One took a course in medicine; one studied law at Yale Chicago Deadend's pleased and proud to bid them hail, all hail!

The only deaf-mute, who ever studied law at Yale University, disembarked his long, lean, lanky limbs, in this balilwick on the 30th—James A. Sullivan, a teacher in the Hartford, Ct., School. "Scully" spent an ambitious summer, visiting numerous schools in his swing around the country, which embraced such points as Washington, New Orleans, Texas, Los Angeles, Tia Juanta, San Francisco, Salt Lake, Colorado Springs, Foltz' Zamboree in Kansas, Olathe, Chicago, and Pittsburgh. He was due back home in time to serve as chairman of the lawn-fete during the monument ceremonies in Hartford around Labor Day. Sully—Gallaudet, '17,—used to run on the relay teams in the University of Pennsylvania relays, and still has the lean, wiry build of typical human-greyhound. Chicagans strove to make him at home. L. Cherry wisely brought him up to the JOURNAL Office, knowing he would be "good copy," and he spent the remainder of his two day stay with a party of the elite entertained him that night, and next day was spent in displaying the Stock Yards, the "Pit" and LaSalle Street, an observation of Chicago from the air, etc.

Clarence Murdey—used-to-was an Illini, but now a Los Angeles—is summing in and around these parts. He left Los Angeles, April 22d, in his Reo sedan (equipped to make a Pullman bed at night, and carrying oil stove and complete camping equipment on the running board) arriving in Baltimore 14 days later. In New Mexico some Indians in a pesky Ford caused him to upset in a ditch while trying to avoid a collision. Repairs cost several hundred dollars. Since then he and his rambling Reo have rumbled hither and yon, in Washington, New Jersey, New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. He waits like the wind—and like the wind he wafers whither he listeth. His speedometer shows 16,740 miles this year.

Leslie Elmer and wife passed through town on the 30th, to resume their duties as teachers in the Tennessee school, following a summer in California. Elmer is the only deaf man I know of who completed a physicians' course in a hearing university, following his graduation from Gallaudet.

Francis P. Gibson delivered an address August 27th, at the banquet of the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf in Cedar Rapids. His subject was "I. O. W. A." This, Toastmaster Tom Anderson explained in his characteristic witty vein, meant: "I Only Wander Around." In reality it stood for: "Is Our Wish Achieved?" and had to do with the wonderful work which shall stand forever as a monument to the spirit of American Deafdom and to Gibson and his faithful followers. Gibson spent five days in Cedar Rapids, then Tom Anderson and wife took him in their car to Des Moines, where he spent a couple of days at the John A. Robinson home. Tom Anderson was in charge of the exhibit of the Iowa State School for the Deaf in the State fair held in Des Moines. Gibson got back to his desk on the 31st; avowing the silents of Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha and vicinity were the salt of the earth—as nice a bunch as ever trod God's good green foot-stool.

Gibson's next trip starts with an address in Buffalo October 3d, thence to Pennsylvania points with a banquet at Reading, October 10th. Eastern parties reading this may be able to schedule him around that time by taking prompt action.

Mrs. Wm. J. O'Neil, yclept "the youngest grandmother in captivity," was given a belated birthday surprise party at Mrs. J. Meagher's flat on the 27th, receiving an imitation-diamond bracelet and other pretty trinkets. Three tables of "500" were played, prizes going to Mrs. W. Barrow and Mrs. W. Whitson. Mrs. O'Neil herself taking the booby award. The Bob Blair—just back from California—drove up in their Pierce-Arrow just as "Amens" were said, delayed unavoidably.

Not satisfied with accompanying her husband on a three month trip last spring, stopping at Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Toledo and way-stations, this Mrs. O'Neil has again succumbed to the wander-land. Her hubby probably calls it the "squanderlust." She left on the 4th for several weeks in Delavan and other Wisconsin points, visiting old friends.

Foster D. Gilbert, for seven years a high-class chemist at the Akron Goodyear plant, has been "laid off"—that means fired,—and is now studying in the Effingham, Ill., photo-engraving school, together with a Texan silent named Tambkin.

Gilbert the super-wrestler! Friend of the powers in the good old days before President Seiberling was caught in the panic and fired by the big bankers, who grabbed his plant. Those of us 650 silents clustered there during the World War—now scattered far and wide—will sadly observe this glaring example of the way Goodyear's glowing promises have been carried out.

Clyde Stevens was married in Marquette, Mich., on the 26th to a fellow-teacher in the Michigan State School in Flint—a Miss Ruth Anderson, pretty (I don't mean maybe) a very pretty and charming hearing girl, who was a Co-ed in the University of Chicago not so long ago. They spent most of their honeymoon in Chicago, and appeared devotedly content.

Fred Sibitzky is back after a tour of the East. While in Boston, he met Ed. Rowse, and was invited to take the bunk of Rowse's chum, who was on vacation. He states Rowse looks vastly improved since he left Chicago.

Ethelbert Hunter is a thoughtful cuss. He persuaded the Union Printers' Club, which has nice loop quarters, to donate eighteen decks of playing cards to the Home for Aged Deaf. The cards had been used but once. The strict rules of the Printers' Club demand they be destroyed after a single game, but Hunter's eloquence against this destruction, when it was as easy to do a charitable act, caused the club men to waive the requirement this once.

Mrs. Milton Stout, of Jacksonville, spent several weeks visiting her daughter here.

Mrs. Gus Hyman and the Home inmates are back after spending ten days in a cottage at Lake Delavan, Wis., kindly furnished by the Rev. Dr. P. J. Hasenstab. Mrs. Hyman and the Dr. spent all of one day in a boat with Frederick Neesam, the expert-fisherman, trying to coax the funny tribe to bite. Mrs. Hyman caught a two-pound pike, and the Rev. hooked one, weighing 3½ pounds—while the great Neesam went fishless. That is one of the best jokes brought home from Wisconsin in these many moons.

Dr. J. Schuyler Long, principal of the Iowa school, and wife drove through the city to deliver an address in Milwaukee on the 29th.

Arthur L. Roberts, President of the National Association of the Deaf, left on the 3d to attend the big doings in Hartford, Ct. He is expected back on the 15th, bringing his wife who has been summing with her mother in Cleveland.

Sidney Howard, who preceded us on the thankless task of trying to please everybody (and pleasing none, alas) by scribbling this Chicago column, is living—really living—in California—the blessed. From July 1st to August 19th, he picked 60 quarts of blackberries.

Mrs. Johnnie Sullivan entered her baby Shirley in the "Better Babies Conference" at the Aurora Fair.

Mrs. George Schriver is back after a month in the East, stopping principally in Rochester, Newark and Buffalo, N. Y., and Cleveland.

Mrs. J. Sowell and daughter passed through town on their way back to Omaha, August 29th, after a month in Cleveland, where Miss Alice studied stage dancing under the celebrated Prof. Stefano Mascagno.

Fred Hartung, Jr., is back from a vacation spent with his aunt in Kewanee.

The Paul Bellings are said to have visited Detroit in their car.

### THE MEAGHERS.

### HOME FOR THE DEAF NEAR WESTERVILLE, OHIO.

Mr. and Mrs. John Winemiller, their son and Mrs. Ella Zell came down to this Home in an automobile on a visit for an hour on Sunday afternoon, August 23d. Mrs. Zell had a good conversation with Mr. William Clark, partially blind. She will go to New York City in a few days to wait for the arrival of her son, Ernest Zell, daughter, Miss Ethel Zell and Miss Cloa Lamson at that city from France, where they had attended the Teachers' Conference in London last July.

Mrs. Artie Carr, who visited with her brother and folks for a week and also attended the family reunion in Mansfield, Ohio, last week, returned home on Monday afternoon. She had a delightful time.

Mr. A. J. Beckert took Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Steward, Miss Agnes Willmeth and George Black along with him to this Home in an automobile on Tuesday evening, August 25th. They attended the movie show, which was really good. Mr. Steward is a teacher at the Ohio State School for the Deaf. Miss Willmeth came up to Columbus from Marion, Ohio, where she secured a good position in the Timken Bearing Co. She has been working in the shop for nearly two years and likes it very well. She is rooming at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Black.

Tuesday evening visitors here were Mr. and Mrs. George Clum, their daughter and her sweetheart, of Columbus. They attended the movies show and enjoyed it very much.

Messrs. John Winemiller, William Mayer, Clarence Jones and Otto Seidowski put two coats of

gray paint on the poultry-house this week, and looks very nice.

Mr. William Eichler rode his bicycle to this Home on Thursday, August 27th, to help putting in the windows for the henery, which will take a few days.

Mr. Corydon Cook, after having taken his vacation with his sons in Montpelier, Ohio, and Grandville, Michigan, since last June, left the above town for Columbus on Friday evening, August 28th. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Osborn met him at the Union Depot and brought him here. Mr. Cook reports as having an enjoyable time. He looks well.

On Thursday, August 27th, Messrs. Benjamin Osborn, George W. Kinkel, Owen Davis, and Thomas Johnson hauled about sixteen loads of coal from Westerville to this Home for this winter.

Mr. David McMaster was much surprised to see his brother, Mr. Thomas McMaster, and Mrs. Bentley, of Chicago, Illinois, and was glad to see them. They travelled 1400 miles from Canada and Michigan in an automobile to this Home in one week, and arrived here on Saturday afternoon, August 29th. They went to Westerville in the afternoon to lodge over the night. They came back at 10 o'clock on Sunday to invite David McMaster to partake of a good chicken dinner at that place. They enjoyed the eats very much. On Monday morning, they again motored through Chillicothe and Portsmouth to Ironton, Ohio, to take a view over the new bridge, which was recently built on the Ohio River. They had such a delightful time and trip.

W. L. R.

## SEATTLE.

Mr. Thomas P. Clarke, former Superintendent of the State School at Vancouver, has been ill for a long time, and for many weeks in a hospital at Portland. The trouble appears to be a general breakdown. He has been unconscious a great deal of the time the past two weeks, and it is feared the end is near. He has been a good friend to the deaf of the State, and they will be sorry to see him go.

[Latest report received just before going to press, is that Mr. Thomas P. Clarke died in Portland, the exact date, and funeral arrangements is not given.]

Miss Hope Divine is now in North Carolina, learning all the mysteries of being an oral teacher, which is to be her future vocation. En route she visited her mother's relatives in Pennsylvania.

The birthday party given to Roy Harris on the evening of Wednesday, August 19th, was a very pleasant gathering, attended by nearly forty friends. Roy was presented with a smoking stand and fixings, and with some smaller gifts. The refreshments were very bountiful.

The last meeting of the Golden Rule Club was held in Mt. Baker Park, and attended by about thirty. Plans for a bazaar are taking shape. A handsome leather handbag was presented to Mrs. Victoria Smith, president, at this meeting as a birthday gift. Miss Clara Allen, the sister of Mrs. Smith, and several hearing friends attended this meeting.

John Brinkman has temporarily ceased from his labors of clearing his land at Bothell, and taken a job in the Snoglamie Mill, which he expects to hold till about Christmas.

The engagement of Miss Diane Ingraham, of Spokane, to Mr. Lance-lot Evans has become generally known, and their friends are offering congratulations. This is one of the engagements following the convention. We wonder how many other couples will follow suit.

Miss Doris Nation, a young lady, who has received her education in England under the oral method, is now living in Seattle with her sister, a librarian. Miss Nation is very anxious to learn the sign language, and to that end will spend some time at the Vancouver School if she can gain admission.

Following the all day picnic some time ago of the McConnell family near Hood's Canal, Mr. K. C. McConnell was quite sick and had to stay in bed a week. It was thought the exposure was too much for him. He has been suffering from lead poisoning, and lately his eyes have given him a good deal of trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hunter have just returned from several days' visit in Walla Walla. The Hunters every summer spend a good deal of time in their car, getting the utmost benefit possible from our splendid climate. That puts the sporting coach at Vancouver in good shape for his winter's work.

Mr. Ed. W. Miland, of Yakima, has just sent in a check for \$76 for the Home Fund. Most of the money was raised by Mrs. Wm. Seipp among hearing friends in and near Yakima.

Mr. C. H. Langhlin, of Olathe, Kan., recently sent us his catalogue of Tancred and Barron Strains High Egg-Record Pedigreed Single Comb, White Leghorns, raised on his Englewood Egg Farm, near Kansas City. He has about \$10,000 invested in the egg farm, and some of his birds sell as high as \$30 each. Hatching eggs sell at 50 cents each,

and baby chicks \$1.00 each. He attributes his success in the poultry business to his having started with high priced baby chicks, bred from the best imported English and D Tancred Single Comb, White Leghorn breeders of the highest egg strains. Recently he sold several thousand chicks to one of the largest poultry farms of the United States Government.

### THE HANSONS.

August 27, 1925.

## Canadian Clippings.

### SARNIA SAYINGS

After a delightful holiday spent with relatives and friends in various parts of the States of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, arrived here from Chicago on August 22d, and spent a few days with the Henderson family.

On August 24th Mr. H. W. Roberts took a trip over the river, and spent a little while very pleasantly with Mr. and Mrs. John Mackie, and was delighted to meet the latter's sister, Miss Alice Lockie, of Courtright, who was on a visit there at the time.

Mrs. Archie Mason, of Hamilton, was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Leitch and sister, Mrs. Jontie Henderson, for a month lately, returning home about September 14th. Mr. Newson was up for the week-end of August 22d. He is now doing business in Detroit.

Mr. Stephen Baines has been batching by himself during the absence of his landlady to the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, motored out to Point Edward on August 23d, and were pleased to meet Messrs. Stephen Baines and Frank Jennings at the Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts and Mrs. Jontie Henderson went to Detroit on August 25th, for a few days visit to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ball and other friends and report a most enjoyable time.

### PONTIAC, MICH., POINTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hardenberg were greatly surprised, yet pleased to receive a visit from their sister-in-law, Mrs. Jontie Henderson, of Sarnia, who came up with Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, on August 26th, and enjoyed the day here.

Messrs. Frank Hardenberg and Albert Siess are steadily employed at the Oakland auto works, where they have been for several years.

On a recent date Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Brown, of Rochester, Mich., motored over to see their friends here. Later, in company with the Hardenberg family, they motored out to Dodge Park, near Atica, Mich., where they spent a pleasant day, and here they had the pleasure of meeting such former Canadians as Mr. and Mrs. John Ulrich, Mr. and Mrs. Seigler and others from Detroit. After an enjoyable day there they went over and spent the night at the Brown home in Rochester. In the morning they drove out to Mount Clemens, and visited Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Weidman. Mrs. Weidman will be remembered by many Canadians as Miss Ida Babcock, of Petrolia, Ont., a graduate of the Belleville School. Mr. Weidman is doing splendidly as a plasterer, and they have two sons and one daughter.

Master Ernest Hardenberg and his sister Florence, children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hardenberg, have returned to the Flint School for another year. They are very clever.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. MacDonald, of Rochester, Mich., and Mr. and Mrs. George MacDonald, of Windsor, Ont., were recent guests of the Hardenberg family, and all spent a pleasant day at Walled Lake, Mich.

### GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Mr. Edward Ball, of Detroit, went out to Clinton, Ont., on August 19th, where he spent a few days very pleasantly, returning home with his wife and son on August 22d.

Mrs. John Mackie, of Port Huron, went out to see her parents in Court-right, Ont., on August 18th, returning on August 22d, accompanied by her sister, Miss Alice Lockie, who spent some time in that city.

We learn with regret that Mrs. Alexander Lobsinger, of Detroit, recently suffered the loss of her mother, Mrs. Johnston, of Caledonia, Ont., who passed the other shore. Mrs. Lobsinger has our sympathy.

Mr. and Mrs. George MacDonald, of Windsor, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Brown in Rochester, Mich., for a couple of weeks lately.

On August 27th, Mrs. William Riberdy, Mrs. Edward Ball and Mrs. Cas. Sadows, of Detroit, got up a most delightful family picnic to Belle Isle in honor of their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White, of Strathroy, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto and Mrs. Jontie Henderson, of Sarnia. As all were former schoolmates at Belleville years ago, it was a real family affair. We regret Mr. and Mrs. John Berry, of Royal Oak, Mr. and Mrs. Emil Gottlieb and Mr. Cas. Sadows were unable to be present.

Mr. Mack White, of Detroit, was out to his parental home in Strath-

roy over the week-end of August 22d, and on his return to the Automobile City, was accompanied by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White, who spent a couple of weeks there with Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy and with Mrs. White's sister, as well as Mr. and Mrs. John A. Braithwaite in Walkerville.

While at the picnic at Belle Isle, in Detroit, on August 27th, we were delighted to meet Mrs. Eames and her two sons, of St. Thomas, step-mother of Mrs. John Smalldon, of the "Railway City." The elder of the two sons, Earl, was anxious to see the sights of Detroit before going to school at Belleville.

Mr. and Mrs. David Alexander, Hensell were among the thousands of visitors, who visited Clinton during the Old Boys Reunion recently.

Mrs. Orla Wilcox, of London, was lately out on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur White in Strathroy recently.

Mrs. Claud Carlton, of OrOSSO, Mich., and Miss Lily B. Howell, of Carland, Mich., and the former's son motored down to Port Huron, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Cresin. Mrs. A. L. Hall, of Lancaster, Pa., was also there at the same time. They all attended Mr. H. W. Roberts' meeting in Sarnia on August 9th.

### TORONTO TIDINGS

Miss Norma Smith and Miss Anabel Thomason have returned home after enjoying a pleasant week's holidays with the former's sister in Detroit.

Mr. John Marsuall had his mother, sister and younger brother as his guests during the first few days of the exhibition. On August 30th, he took them all for a trip to Whitby.

Mrs. John E. Crough and children, of Walkerville, came down lately for a month's stay with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buchanan, Sr.

Miss Beulah Wilson is back again from a fortnight's pleasant holiday spent at Niagara Falls, Aurora, Jackson's Point and Sutton West.

No sooner had your reporter arrived home on August 29th from his three weeks' vacation when he was confronted by a bushful of mail matter. He is now doing his best to catch up.

We hear that Mr. Edgar Every-Clayton, who left here last June for British Columbia, has been unable to find steady work on the Pacific Sloop, and is anxious to return to his old job here. We hope he gets it back.

Miss Doris Warren returned home on August 29th, from a two-weeks' vacation in Meaford and vicinity. She had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Hugh R. Carson while sojourning there.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Jaffray and daughter have returned from their three weeks' vacation spent at Jackson's Point on Lake Simcoe.

The "Frats" had a pleasant corn roast near the falls on the Humber River on August 29th. About a score or more took in the frolic.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Byrne have moved from 64 Donlands Avenue, to 56 Wellesley Street, the place where our proposed church will likely stand.

Mrs. Neil A. McGillivray, who had been sojourning at her parental home down at St. John's, Que., since last June, returned home on August 28th, accompanied by her mother, who remained here for a couple of weeks.

Miss Evelyn Hazlitt is again at her duties in the Post Office, after a fortnight's vacation with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Huband in Ottawa.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Howard Mason, daughter-in-law, of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mason, has recovered from her recent automobile accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terrell and two children are home again, after their month's trip through Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin, looking healthy and tanned.

Miss Lily Brown, of Akron, Ohio, was home to see her parents and relatives for a few days the latter part of August.

Mr. Clarence Pinder was smiling coherently as he returned home, on August 29th, from a pleasant week sightseeing in Cleveland and Akron, Ohio.

Mrs. John A. McNab and daughter, Miss Helen, of Stratford, formerly of Windsor, was visiting her aunt, Mrs. A. W. Mason and other relatives, for a couple of months.

We regret to report that Mr. Welsey Ellis was called upon to mourn the death of his father, Mr. Albert William Ellis, who ceased this life at the home of his son, in Gordon Bay, Muskoka, on August 9th. The deceased was in his 60th year. Welsey went up to attend the funeral and remained there a week. We extend sympathy to brother Welsey and his relatives.

Mr. Jamieson Bell returned home on September 1st from a two weeks' holiday with relatives in Oshawa.

On August 15th, Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Bowman, Misses Margaret Golds, Elsie and Beulah Wilson and Messrs. Frank Harris, Silas Baskerville and Colin McLean went across the lake to see the sights of Niagara Falls and Buffalo. They returned home the following evening.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

### DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League now has on its roster 265 members, and at each meeting applications are pouring in. During the summer most of the members, instead of coming to the club rooms, have sought cooler places at the beaches, of which there are many within an hour journey of the metropolis. As Autumn is now here with us, the usual large gathering is expected at the rooms, in fact it was noticeable last week, as many of the members who spent the summer at sea shore, or in the country, have returned, in order to prepare their children for the opening of school.

No Summer Outing was held this year, but during the winter there may be one or two public entertainments open to the public, as the committee in charge have made applications for a place to hold these, and as soon as favorable replies are received they will give out their plans.

But the chief function of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League will be on Saturday, January 2d, when they will celebrate the 40th anniversary of the founding of the League. From four members it has grown to 265, and several more applications pending.

From all indications the 40th anniversary celebration will be a big affair, surpassing anything ever given by the League.

At this function only members and ladies, invited by the members will be present. More of this anon.

By the way, a word concerning the Deaf-Mutes' Union League at this time won't be amiss. It began with the purpose of getting together graduates of the Lexington School, but later threw its doors open to all deaf-mutes (a good move), and thereafter the success of the organization began, and at this time, even if no entertainments are given, the club is self-supporting from dues and receipts derived from the three pool tables and other sources, which includes interest from bonds and banks.

It is the foremost club for the deaf in the country. Its members do not have to worry about its management, for each year they elect competent officers, who perform their duties faithfully. They also have a Board of Governors, whose duties are enormous, including the approval or rejection of applicants for admission to membership. They also have a Board of Trustees to whom are entrusted the management of its funds, an Entertainment Committee, an Athletic Committee, a House Committee, and a Custodian, who has charge of the rooms, and keeps them in order.

The organization holds business meetings on the second Thursday of each month. The Board of Governors meets on the first Tuesday of each month, and submits reports to the members when they meet, consequently every thing is run smoothly.

The pleasure derived in being a member of this organization are too many to mention here as each member has a key to the rooms, and can go there at any time, but the evenings on which most of the members assemble are Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings.

Its rooms are at 143 West 125th Street, Manhattan.

Its present officers are: Max Miller, President; Israel Koplowitz, First Vice-President; Abraham Barr, Second Vice-President; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary; Samuel Lowenherz, Treasurer. The Board of Governors consist of Emanuel Souweine, Harry Glosten and Joseph Graham.

### LUTHERAN GUILD PICNIC.

The Lutheran Guild for the Deaf held its annual Picnic at Forest Park (Ground No. 3), on August 30th, from half past ten in the morning till dusk.

The organization was favored by the most beautiful weather, and the attendance was fair.

By 12 o'clock (noon) most of the members had arrived, and they gathered under shade trees, where Rev. Mr. Boll conducted a short service.

After the service games were played, and the prizes given to the winners were beautiful and expensive.

Mr. Arwinski was the Chairman, and to him and his committee credit must be given for the success of the affair.

Mr. Henry Peters, who during the summer has spent the week-end at Asbury Park, N. J., where his wife and baby, Seymour, have been staying, was there for the last time this season on Labor Day. His wife returned on Tuesday, September 8th with his mother.

The party of deaf-mutes, which left on August 22d, for a trip by auto up State, thence to Canada, have prolonged their trip. On September 4th they were Rene, N. H.

Messrs. Allan Hitchcock and Wilbur Bowers own and sail a motor boat, which they own. Some time on Saturday and Sunday afternoon they invite friends, who say that they are quickly developing to be first class sailors, and also that cruising on the deep blue sea is very delightful.

Mr. William Lipgens arrived home on the Steamship "Columbia" last Sunday, August 30th, from Germany, where he had gone to spend his vacation, and says he met many old friends there, and visited many scenes of his boyhood.

Mr. Israel Solomon on Thursday evening last was all smile, the reason was soon manifest. His wife and little daughter Hortense, who spent the summer at Pleasant Valley, N. Y., returned home, that very morning.

Mr. Joseph Worzel returned home last week from Crystal Lake Camp in Connecticut, where he spent the summer. He is looking the picture of health, and is now fit to resume his duties as Physical Director at the Lexington Avenue School.

Miss Anna Hoffman on Monday was in Ferndale, N. Y., having autoed there from New York City, and enjoyed the beautiful scenery all the way. Her three-day holiday was well spent.

Mrs. M. L. Haight, her daughter, Mrs. Hunt, and Mrs. Henry W. Syle, of Philadelphia, sailed for Europe on the "Savoie" September 5th, to be gone about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Simonson and Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Loew have returned from a delightful sojourn at Bay of Naples, Maine.

The Misses Virginia and Elizabeth Gallaudet returned from Yarmouth, Me., last Saturday, where they spent a delightful month.

Mr. Geo. Olsen had a vacation at West Sangerties, N. Y., with Mr. William Renner as his host, and reports a capital time.

Mrs. A. Rembeck on September 2d was in Toledo, Ohio. She will be among those present at the Ohio Alumni Reunion.

Mrs. J. Kansriddle has returned to her home after two weeks' stay in Staten Island, the guest of Mrs. Terry Knowlton.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean P. Gruet, of Northville, announce the birth of a son Sunday, September 6th, named Junior.

Mr. Louis C. Radlem motor-cycled to Philadelphia on Saturday, and spent the three days there very pleasantly.

Mr. John N. Funk spent the week-end of Labor Day in Northville, N. Y., with his family.

### Reading, Pa.

Arrangements are nearing completion for the Tenth Anniversary of Reading Division, No. 54, N. F. S. D., to be held October 10th, at the Y. M. C. A., 7th and Washington Street, Reading.

It is almost certain that Grand Secretary Gibson will be there. The committee in charge of the affair is looking to one hundred guests. Entertainment for Sunday cannot be announced until a later date, but a good time is assured.

Tickets have been sent out to members of the Division, and the sooner they are paid for the better the plans can be made. Some have received one ticket, others two. The chairman would be pleased to fill in requests for more tickets for guests of members, so if you want to attend and have no ticket, kindly drop a line to the Chairman Edwin C. Ritchie, Shillington, Pa., and remember the banquet is open to all—Frats or non-Frats, all welcome.

Harry F. Sommer is spending a few days in Altoona, Pa., visiting friends and relatives, as are Mr. and Mrs. Roger Williams, spending the week with Mrs. William's parents, at Souderton.

Paul M. Gromis, Sylvester Hoshauer, Mr. Christian Snyder and Mrs. and Mrs. E. C. Ritchie enjoyed a corn, potato and onion roast on a farm along the Tulpehocken. Sunday A.M. Messrs. Gromis and Ritchie had their first taste of golf. It was found to have more excitement than it was thought to possess, the only disappointment being the prohibitive cost for a working man.

Rev. F. C. Smielau announces church services in Reading, September 13th. He will probably attend the Frat meeting on the 12th.

Don't forget to renew your subscription to the JOURNAL and don't forget October 10th at Reading, Pa.

### AIRMAN AND BOY KILLED IN FLIGHT TO AID DEAFNESS.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 4.—A former army aviator and an 11-year-old boy, flying to cure the boy's deafness, were killed when their airplane plunged 2,000 feet just outside the city today.

The pilot was Capt. Walter Smith and the boy, Clifford Davis, both of Cleveland.

The velocity of the plane was so great its motor was buried in the earth.—N. Y. Daily News, Sept. 5.

## PITTSBURGH.

John Rosensteel, of Ebensburg, is taking his family sight-seeing in Canada in his new Buick. Another to spend his vacation in the Dominion recently was Vincent Dunn. The latter's stay there, however, was abbreviated when he was called back to attend the funeral of a relative.

While spinning along a narrow street in Altoona, August 9th, at a leisurely pace Merritt Postlethwaite's Ford was struck in the rear by a speeding car. Demolished wheels, bent fender and other minor damages to the Ford were the result of the crash. The offending party said that they had honked the horn in hope that the slow going car would make way for them to pass, but it was not heeded. Of course, they were not aware, deaf people were there, still they realized they had no business to go ahead of any car on the two way narrow street, so had to make good the damages done the Ford with the insurance they carried. They exceeded the speed limit on that street, making themselves the more so at fault. The occupants of the wrecked car, all of whom escaped unhurt were Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwaite, Mr. and Mrs. Neff and children and Mary Smith. A lesson may be learned from this accident. Motorists should make it a rule to keep to the right side of the street, especially when going slow instead of in the middle.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Butterbaugh, of Altoona, celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary with a reception August 8th. They were the recipients of many pretty and useful gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Ingle, teachers at the Edgewood School, have returned from their two weeks vacation trip, which they took in their car to Chicago and St. Louis.

Mrs. Bessie Pirtle, Gallaudet, '10, (Normal) is back in our midst. Some time ago her husband secured a lucrative position with a large department store in Chicago, but no sooner had he taken up his duties than his health was undermined. The illness lasted for months, and as yet he has not fully recovered, but expects to resume work anytime though where is not known. Mrs. Pirtle joins the teaching force of the Edgewood School this fall, filling the place vacated by G. M. Teegarden, retired.

The wife has returned from the west and is now ironing the wrinkles out of hubby's face. During her absence he had dwelt in the "Thought of Despond." She spent several days with her old college classmate, Mrs. J. W. Thomas (Margaret Leveck) at Olathe, Kan., where the State School is located. At a card party given in her honor, she had the opportunity to meet other friends, among them Mrs. Iona Tade Simpson and Mrs. Williams Unsworth, both former Gallaudetians. The latter came from her Akron home to spend several months with relatives in Kansas.

Over 200 attended the Frat picnic on the Edgewood School grounds Saturday, August 22d. There would have been even a larger crowd had the date of the picnic been announced in the last Pittsburgh column of this JOURNAL. "Ye local" was taken to task for this negligence as a good number of the deaf of Altoona had planned to come, but gave up seeing that there was no announcement of it, which led them to believe that the affair had probably been called off. The last letter was written with greased lightning speed in order to get it out in time for the press, hence the oversight. Regrettable it was that it happened to be the all important thing. The offender now sees that he should have always made it a point to announce all the coming events before sealing the mess. A little imp attached a "Kick Me" plea to Mr. Frank Leitner's behind. Whether he is subjected to the indignity when it should have been the "offender" is not known as it was still hanging on when he (offender) left the grounds. Sports was the greatest delight of the day nearly half the picnickers, including Superintendent Manning taking in the contests. Samuel Rogalsky did himself proud in getting up such a variety of contests. The winners were:

50 yards dash for small girls—Catherine Havens, Betty Holliday. Fungo hitting—E. McElroy, Wagel. Couple's Race—Mrs. Tussing with Mr. Manning. Ball Throwing for Women—Dorothy Havens, Daisy Morrison. Blowing balloon till it busted—Mrs. W. B. Bosworth, Miss Schiffins. Needle and Thread Contest—Miss Edwards with Mr. H. McElroy. Biscuit Eating Contest (Women)—Miss Rose Borres, Miss Birdie King. Cigarette Smoking—Mr. R. Brown, Mr. Willingham. Human Wheelbarrow—Mr. Phillips with Mr. Johovics. Blindfold Race—Mr. McElroy with Miss Schiffins. Peanut Scramble for All—H. McElroy, John Stanton. Centipede Race—H. McElroy's side, Mr. Willingham's side. Base-ball game between married and single men. Single won, 1-0.

Hot dogs, pop, ice-cream, sandwiches, and coffee were sold bringing in a nice profit.

Mrs. William Kuntz (Jane Thornton), of Akron, is a guest of Mrs. Jacob Hess for a week, after which she will hie to Turtle Creek for a visit with her relatives for the same length of time.

Mrs. Ernest Cowley, of New Castle, was in the city for a few days recently. The main object of her coming was to visit Mr. Cowley's mother, who is ill in the Western Pennsylvania Hospital.

They are getting up a foot-ball team to go by the name of Pittsburgh Silents. Practice has already begun this early. Herbert Rickerbrode has been elected captain and Roy Ludovico, manager. It is years since a Pittsburgh silent team has done anything worth mentioning, but the prospects this year are promising. Send in a challenge.

Dates ahead: Frat dance at Walton Hall, Sept. 19th. P. S. A. D. Corn Roast, Sept. 12th. Place not decided on yet.

F. M. HOLLIDAY.

### Binghamton, N. Y.

On Sunday, August 16th, a large party of members of the Deaf-Mute Worker Club took the delightful trip with their picnic baskets in the bus belonging to Mr. Frank Kroboth, whose brother is a deaf-mute (ex-pupil of Fanwood), to Lake Cincinnatus, twenty-four miles from Binghamton. When they arrived there, they started to take luncheon, and the trouble they had was to find a suitable place, where they could gather together. Lastly, they found a "worm out" table under the shade. What made them feel unhappy was the fact that they were growing hungry. "The hungrier they grew, the more they thought of the delicious food." By eating refreshments, they kept decreasing their hunger till their stomachs were full. No beer was drunk, but plenty of spring water was freely drunk. No athletic sports were planned on account of the poor ground. They did not deliberate a while before they could agree, where the sports should be started. Late in the evening they returned home with happy remembrance. The picnic was well managed by Mr. James Lewis, Chairman. Among those in the party are: Mr. and Mrs. Race, Mr. and Mrs. J. Lewis and baby, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. King, Mr. and Mrs. Decker, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Garbett and children, Mr. and Mrs. Stafford, of Oxford, N. Y.; Mr. Pat Quinn, of Horseheads, N. Y.; and Mrs. Henry Skinner, of Elmira; Mr. Schereuman and son, of Endicott, N. Y.; Mrs. Charles Austin, Messrs. Geo. Lewis, Art Rodman, Faesco; Holon, Lewis Garbett, Jr., and his brother, Albert, and Misses Lason, Cohen and Oakley, of Scranton, Pa.

On August 20th, Miss Hazel Lason and Mr. Geo. Lewis, of this city, were married by Rev. Samuel Dunham, at his church. They were attended by their parents and a few relatives. On their honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Lewis motored to Atlantic City, where they spent one or two days, and then to other towns in Pennsylvania. The deaf here wish the couple much happiness.

On August 12th, Miss Gladys Tilbury, of Endicott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Tilbury, was married to Mr. John Clark, of this city.

Mr. Samuel Hutton, a World War veteran, was in trouble with a painful head, which resulted from being gassed, so that he was compelled to go to the Army Hospital in Montreal last April, to be operated by skillful doctors. The operation proved to be successful. Last June he returned home in good health.

Mr. Hogan, formerly of Binghamton, has been confined by illness at the home of his parents for one month. After recovering, he returned to Akron, O.

Mrs. Schereuman, of Endicott, N. Y., is spending his vacation in Pennsylvania.

Miss Grace McClelland, of Elmira, returned home after visiting her relatives here.

Mr. Solomon Topakin has secured a job at the Endicott-Johnson Co. Shoe Factory, so he will not return to the Malone School.

Mr. Art Rodman is working at the E. J. & Co. Shoe factory as a cutter.

Mrs. James Lewis and baby and Mrs. Race, of Johnson City, returned home after spending their vacation in Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Conrad is working at the Fairchild Value Co. factory. He is an uneducated fellow, but he is a fine worker. He can't read or write, but we understand the motions he makes. He talks by natural language, and is trying to learn signs from the deaf here.

Mr. Allen skipped out of Pennsylvania to Binghamton, where he has got a job at the Overall factory as a presser.

There are about ten or twelve deaf-mutes working at the E. J. Co. Shoe Factories.

DERF GNK.

The labor of a day will not build virtuous habit on the ruins of an old and vicious character.—Buckminster.

## IN DIXIELAND.

### MORE FACTS ABOUT ATLANTA.

Atlanta has seventy-six elementary schools, four Junior High Schools, and four Senior High Schools, with a 1924 enrollment of 54,144 pupils—an increase of 21,452 over the enrollment of 1920. Eighteen new school buildings were erected and completed in about two years—thirteen for white pupils and five for negro pupils.

Grant Park, one of the oldest parks in the city, not only abounds in natural beauty, but also affords to the public several unusual and interesting features. Housed in a fire-proof brick structure is a stupendous cyclorama painting of the Battle of Atlanta, of great historic and artistic value. Grant Park also maintains a fine Zoo and carefully tended botanical gardens.

Atlanta's post office receipts during 1924 totaled \$3,408,368.13, an increase of nearly a million dollars over the amount of receipts in 1920. This exceeds any record heretofore made.

Mr. Marvin C. Young and Mr. W. W. Yeagan are the least subscribers to the JOURNAL from this section. Atlanta and Georgia now has a rapidly growing JOURNAL subscription list.

Mr. Herbert Williams has sold out his recently acquired cattle brokerage business at Covington, Ga., and has returned to Atlanta, and informs us that he intends to remain here, and enter some kind of a business, probably the Shoe Repairing business, at which he is an adept.

Mr. P. W. Ligen, formerly of Atlanta, but now of Youngstown, O., the man who engineered the 1921 Frats convention in Atlanta, surprised his friends here by suddenly appearing and stopping over for a day and night in Atlanta on his way to his old home State, Tennessee, to attend the Knoxville convention of the Tennessee Association of the Deaf, August 30th to September 4th. He accompanied Mr. Eddie Hopkins in his big Nash sedan from Akron. Mr. Ligen is looking prosperous in appearance and robust in health, and says that he is well satisfied in Ohio, and intends to stay there for the next few years at least, although his old position in Atlanta has been tendered him several times within the past few months, with a substantial increase in salary. His friends in this city were all pleased to see him looking so well, and so prosperous and several of them tried their best to induce him to remain here, and accept his old job, but without avail.

Almost all the Atlantians who had planned to attend the Knoxville convention have, for one reason or another, been obliged to abandon the trip, mostly through their inability to get away from their work at this time of the year. September first always marks the opening of the fall and winter business season in this section, and all changes for the coming season are made at this time and these who are steadily employed have to remain strictly on the job else run the risk of losing it. It is a pity that this convention could not have been held early in August when nearly everybody had their vacation.

Miss Maxine Morris, who was slightly injured while diving and swimming at Piedmont Park some time ago, has recovered and is up and out again. While her injuries were not serious, she was confined to bed for a week or more.

Mr. Eddie Hopkins, an old Tennessee boy, now the Goodyear Rubber Co., of Akron, O., stopped over in this city for a day and night, August 30th, on his way to the Knoxville convention. He came all the way from Akron in his Nash car, accompanied by Mr. Percy Ligen. They made the trip part of the way over the Lehigh Valley Highway, passing through and stopping at Hagerston, Md., Washington, D. C., and other cities on the route. After the Knoxville convention they will return home via Louisville, Ky., Cincinnati, O., and other places. Mr. Hopkins will visit his old home at Leuden while in Tennessee. He expects to be back in Akron about September 8th. Both Mr. Ligen and Mr. Hopkins remembered this writer by calling twice during their brief stay, and offered to take us with them to the Knoxville convention, and return us home free, gratis. We certainly did regret that we were unprepared to accept their offer as nothing could have afforded us more pleasure than to have been able to accompany the boys on the trip in that nice, big car, but unfortunately we were tied up with important business that could not be gotten away from. We enjoyed both young men's visit very much, and hope they will call again whenever down this way.

The long drought in this section is still unbroken at this writing, and the situation bids fair to become serious if we do not get rain soon. The farmers are already facing a crisis as crops are beginning to burn up. The water in the rivers is reported so low that one can easily walk across some of them. The drought is something unusual here,

and is the worst in many years, according to the oldest inhabitants.

Although election time is about four months off candidates for election to the offices in both the Nadfrats and Frats are beginning to buzz around. We trust that both organizations will elect good, strong progressive people to fill all offices for the coming year as there are a dozen or more projects of importance to all the deaf that will have to be worked out next year. Affairs in this town have reached to where cool heads and strong guiding hands are needed.

Mr. L. B. Dickerson has placed his house on the market for sale. When he sells it he will probably purchase another place in the beautiful West End Section, which is one of the most desirable sections of Atlanta.

The Nadfrats begin a more active campaign at an early date to complete the raising of their "building fund." Owing to the extreme hot weather during the past summer very little has been done in this respect, except the small amounts raised at different times through a few local affairs.

C. L. J.

ATLANTA, Sept. 2, 1925.

## FANWOOD.

Ere this issue of the JOURNAL has reached its subscribers, school will have been reopened, and the 108th session be on its way, with the hope and wish that it will be the best year in its existence. Refreshed from their summer vacation, if one and all, decide to plunge into their studies, they will be able to acquire more the present year than they have during the past several years.

Everything has been prepared for the reception of the pupils, and no confusion of any kind has occurred this year, as tutors and caretakers all returned at least a week before the reopening of school, thus having everything in readiness. The staff of teachers also were on the hand at re-opening, thus as stated above, another year at Fanwood has begun, may it be as we hope—the best in the annals of the school.

The following poem by an anonymous writer, is appended without comment:

### FANWOOD.

She stands upon fair Hudson's heights,  
Where gallant men fought for their rights  
In other years,  
Where Nature's grandest work of art  
Allure the eyes and charm the heart  
They have no peers.

The spirit of those fathers bold  
Pervades these castled buildings old  
Where the children dwell.  
Against more stubborn walls  
To battle here our duty calls  
Than we can tell.

With mind and body yet untrained  
And childish feelings unrestrained  
To us they are brought  
Sweet happy looks of mute surprise  
And great excitement show they prize  
Each new learned thought.

With FANWOOD guiding, on they go—  
Their progress upward—fast or slow—  
We feel is sure;  
The careful training they receive  
The hard learned lessons, we believe  
Will all endure.

Time hurries onward—year by year  
To scenes of joy, to hearts so dear  
Farewells are said  
FANWOOD bids each his duty do  
Be loyal to himself, be true  
Where'er he is led.

On FANWOOD may God's blessing rest,  
Sustain her in her work so blest—  
That work of love.  
And may all meet to part no more  
Thrice happy on the other shore—  
The Home above.

William Schurman and Abe Grossman, two pupils of this school, spent the last week of vacation in Rhode Island. They left by boat on Saturday, August 29th, and besides visiting the School for the Deaf in that State, they had a good view of the Capital, including the Capitol building, and now they will be able to tell their schoolmates many things they learned while there.

Mr. Charles Wamsley, who graduated in 1923, was a visitor on Wednesday, September 2d. He now lives in Rocky Mount, N. C., with his mother, and has a steady position in a printing office, thus is able to not only support himself, but also his mother. He was looking fine, and expressed great pleasure in the improvements made in the Printing Office, where he learned the rudiment of the trade.

Mr. George W. Emslie, who has filled the position of Bookkeeper in the office for several years, has resigned, and his place has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Emil Hollander, who formerly held the same place.

Mr. Harry Benson, the instructor of printing at the Maryland School for the Deaf, who is learning to operate a linotype machine at the Morganthaler's in Brooklyn, N. Y., was a visitor here on Saturday morning. After spending one more week learning the operation of the machine, he will return to Frederick, as the Maryland School for the Deaf, re-opens on the 16th of September. Mr. Benson would have liked to attend the unveiling of the Gallaudet Statue at Hartford, but instead of doing so paid a visit to a sister in Long Island, whom he has not seen for many years.

## OHIO.

News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

September 5, 1925—Mrs. B. P. Green, of Toledo, not long ago in some manner met with a fall, causing the ligament to be wrenched in one of her lower limbs. At the time of the accident she became unconscious and only through great efforts of the doctor, nurse and neighbors was she revived. Since then she has been gradually recovering, but will likely not be able to attend the reunion, which will be a great disappointment to her, as she had banked upon being present and renewing acquaintance with old friends.

There will be a wedding soon of two deaf people in Ohio, for the engagement is announced of Mr. Henry Kane and Miss Abbie Krauss. Date of the wedding not given.

Frank Walton, of Toledo, has joined the rank of the Auto owners. His is an Overland Sedan and was from of his mother. We shall probably get a look at it this week, for he is coming down with four friends in it to the reunion.

Monday morning's State Journal had the following:

Robert Patterson, 611 E. Rich Street, left yesterday for Knoxville, Tenn., where he will deliver in sign-language three speeches before members of the Tennessee Association of the Deaf. Mr. Patterson is recognized as one of America's foremost educators of the deaf, having been on the staff at the School for the Deaf here for more than fifty years. Because of the age limit, he resigned his principalship several years ago.

Unless Dr. Patterson is able to return to Columbus in time, he will miss the Ohio reunion, for he has been present at every one of them since the first one in 1870.

Mrs. William Sawhill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., arrived in Columbus last week, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Clum, of Clintonville, until reunion time. In her honor Mrs. Clum had these old friends of her guest assemble at her home on the evening of August 28th: Mr. and Miss Bessie MacGregor, Mr. and Mrs. Zorn, Mr. and Mrs. Ohlemacher, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Wark, Mrs. Wm. Mayer, Mrs. C. C. Neuner and the writer.

The time was pleasantly spent in conversation and story telling, winding up with refreshments. After the breaking up of the party, Juliana, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clum accompanied by her father, took the MacGregors back to Grove City, a distance of about twelve miles. The Miss has learned to handle the large machine quite well, more so than her father.

Mrs. Ella Zell left for New York City Tuesday night, to meet her children, who are due to arrive from Europe on the 5th inst., with Miss Lanson.

The latter expects to come straightway to Columbus, and hopes to meet some of those attending the reunion. The others of the party will remain in New York for a few days with friends, and will probably be back home by September 9th.

Mr. Nathan R. McGregor, of Gilman, Ia., wrote us that he attended the Iowa Association of the Deaf at Cedar Rapids, August 24th-27th. There was an attendance of about 275. As he has been a resident of State for fifty-seven years, and is well known among the deaf, he enjoyed talking with them. Because of his age 85 years, the members call him their "Grandfather," though he moved around as sprightly, and erect as a man of 60.

After the convention Mr. McGregor went to Marshall town, and called on Mrs. Nellie Pierce Allabaugh, who is an invalid, and confined in a hospital, unable to walk.

Mrs. Roy Meinzer (Jualare McKinney), of near Upper Sanduskey, was found lifeless in bed on the morning, August 31st.

The Meinzers had attended a watermelon party given by a deaf family in town, and spent the night there. Mrs. Meinzer had partaken quite heartily of the edibles, and retired in seemingly good health. She failed to show up at breakfast time, and when a Meinzer of the family went to call her, found her lifeless. Probably acute indigestion and heart trouble were the cause of her death.

The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, Rev. C. W. Charles having been summoned, and was assisted by a Lutheran minister in conducting. Quite a number of deaf friends of the neighboring towns were present.

Mrs. Meinzer was about twenty-six years old, was married several years ago. Besides her husband, a daughter aged nineteen months, a sister and some relatives at Delaware, O., survive to mourn her passing away.

A. B. G.

Teacher: "What's the difference between an explosion and a collision?"

Student: "Well, in a collision you're here, and in an explosion where are you?"



EXTRA!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

First Prize **\$25.00** for Fancy Costume  
Other Cash Prizes for Novel Costumes

## SECOND ANNUAL ADVERTISING BAL MASQUE

under auspices of

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

will be held at

**Odd Fellows' Memorial Hall**

301-309 Schermerhorn Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21, 1925

MUSIC BY WASS' SYNCOPATORS

TICKETS - (including wardrobe) - ONE DOLLAR

How to Reach the Hall—Take Lexington or Seventh Avenues Subway to Nevins Street Station, and walk two blocks to the Hall.

### ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Julius Seandel, Chairman

John N. Funk, Secretary

I. Lovitch, Treasurer

A. C. Bachrach

J. Larsen

M. W. Loew

L. Weinberg

Henry Plapinger

Max Hoffman

M. O. Kremen

C. Sussman

Leopold Frey

## Monster Athletic Meet and Dance

Under the Auspices of

**Brooklyn Division No. 23**  
NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

**At the 69th REGIMENT ARMORY**  
LEXINGTON AVENUE, 25th to 26th STREETS, N. Y. CITY  
Easy To Reach From Anywhere

1 Mile Relay; (Boys of Schools for the Deaf; silver cup)  
Half-Mile Relay (Closed to Frat Divisions; silk banner)  
100 Yards Dash; (Open to all; gold, silver, bronze medals)  
1 Mile Run; (Open to all; gold, silver, bronze medals)  
1 Mile Relay; (Open to Clubs; silver cup)

NO ENTRANCE FEE

Mail Entries to the Secretary of the Athletic Committee,  
Jack Seltzer, 65 Hinsdale Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Saturday Evening, Nov. 28, 1925**

Games Start at 8 P. M. Sharp

Music by the 69th Regt. Band

Admission - - One Dollar

HARRY J. POWELL, Chairman JOHN D. SHEA, Vice-Chairman

ALLAN HITCHCOCK, Treasurer

And a Committee of Twenty Members

## Annual Bal Masque

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

**SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB**

OF PHILADELPHIA

**TURNGEMEINDE HALL**

Broad Street and Columbia Avenue

PHILADELPHIA

**Saturday Evening, November 7, 1925**

ADMISSION (including war tax and wardrobe) ONE DOLLAR

Cash Prizes for Costumes

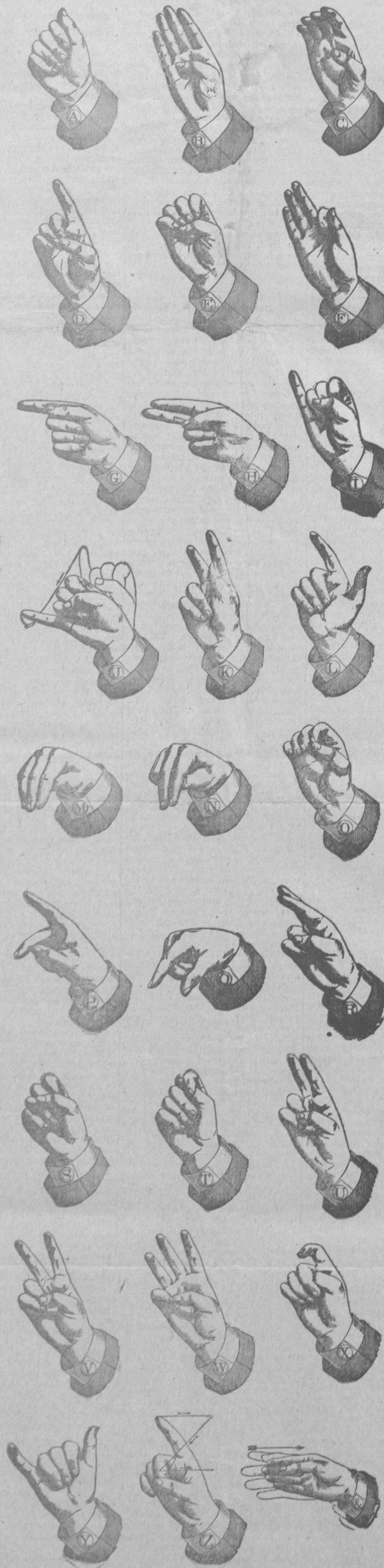
Excellent Music

JAS. L. JENNINGS, Chairman.



AN INVITATION TO JOIN  
Would you care for those whom disaster has made  
omless? Would you show gratitude to the wounded  
veterans who could die that war might give way  
to peace? Would you save life and prolong health?  
oul you teach children to love and to serve? I so,  
Join THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RED CROSS during the  
Annual Roll Call, Armistice Day to Thanksgiving,  
November 11th to 26th, 1925.

## AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



## BIGGER AND BETTER H. A. D. BAZAAR

December 9, 10, 12, 13, 1925

BUILDING FUND

Two Floors at H. A. D. Headquarters, 308 Lenox Avenue, near  
Corner 125 Street, New York City

LENA STOLOFF, Chairlady

RESERVED FOR

HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF'S CHARITY BALL  
Saturday, January 30, 1926

### The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Provides for your family and  
for yourself with policy con-  
tracts not excelled in all the  
world.

No discrimination against deaf-  
mutes. No charge for medical  
examination.

Can You Ask More?

When you think of Savings, go  
to a Bank. When you think  
of Life Insurance plus savings,  
write or see—

MARCUS L. KENNEDY

Eastern Special Agent

200 West 111th Street, New York

### CONSERVATIVE INVESTMENTS

GOVERNMENT OF THE ARGENTINE NATION

External Loan Sinking Fund 6% Gold  
Bonds, due 1959 at 96% and interest  
Population over 10,000,000

Agriculture and live-stock raising its prin-  
cipal occupations. It is one of the world's  
chief exporters of cereals, meat, hides and  
li seed.

HOUSTON ELECTRIC COMPANY

First Mortgage Gold Bonds 6% due 1935  
at 94% and interest

Operating 363 cars and 21 motor buses on  
90 miles of single track and 2 running in a  
territory populated by nearly 800,000.

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM

Investment Bonds

18 West 107th Street  
NEW YORK CITY

Correspondent of

LEE, HIGGINSON &amp; CO

### Charles J. Sanford

Member No. 23, N. F. S. D.

MANUFACTURER OF FINE

**PLATINUM AND GOLD  
MOUNTING**

**DIAMOND JEWELRY**

We carry a full line of ladies and  
gents Watches American  
and Swiss made

Also a full line of Platinum and  
Gold Rings, Pins and Brooch  
at Factory Prices

ORDER WORK A SPECIALTY

12 John Street

Room 64

NEW YORK

Telephone Cortland 1083

### LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Union services for deaf-mutes  
every Sunday afternoon at three  
o'clock, conducted by Prof. J. A.  
Kennedy, at First Congregational  
Church, Hope and Ninth Streets.  
Entrance up the incline to north  
side door and upstairs to the Or-  
chestra Room. Open to all de-  
nominations. Visiting deaf-mutes  
cordially welcome.

### Theatrical Entertainment

— AT —

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

October 17, 1925

MRS. J. H. McCUSKEY,

Chairman

### HALLOWE'EN PARTY

auspices of

N. J. DEAF-MUTES' SOCIETY, Inc.

to be held at

197 Springfield Avenue

NEWARK, N. J.

October 31, 1925

At 8:30 p.m.

ADMISSION, 35 CENTS

[Particulars Later.]

### Third Annual Bazaar

under the auspices of the  
**Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lutheran  
Mission for the Deaf.**

IN AID OF BUILDING FUND

At St. Mark's Parish House

626 Bushwick Avenue, One block from  
Broadway and Myrtle Avenues,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Thursday and Friday, November 26 and 27, 1925  
open evening

Saturday, November 28, 1925  
(open afternoon and evening)

Admission - - Ten cents

Mrs. Hjalmar Borgstrand, Chairman

### Manhattan Div., No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the  
Deaf, meets at the Deaf Mutes' Union  
League, 143 West 125th Street, New York  
City, first Monday of each month. For  
information, write the Secretary, Max M.  
Lubin, 22 Post Avenue, Inwood, New  
York.

### Bronx Division, No. 92

Meets at Bronx Castle Hall, 49th Street  
and Walton Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. On  
the first Friday of each month. Visitors  
welcome. For information, write to  
Edward P. Bonvillian, Secretary, 1219  
Wheeler Avenue, Bronx, New York.

### Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is the social,  
recreative and intellectual advancement  
of its members. Stated meetings are  
held on the second Thursdays of every  
month at 8:15 P. M. Members are present  
for social recreation Tuesday and Thurs-  
day evenings, Saturday and Sunday  
afternoons and evenings, and also on  
holidays. Visitors coming from a dis-  
tance of over twenty-five miles, are  
always welcome. Max Miller, Presi-  
dent; Joseph Mortiller, Secretary. Ad-  
dress all communications to 143 West  
125th Street, New York City.

## PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1922  
INCORPORATED 1923

4TH FLOOR, 61 WEST MONROE STREET CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit

America's Deaf Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings..... First Saturdays

Jesse A. Waterman, President

Albert O. Erickson, Secretary

Literary Circle.....Fourth Saturdays

Dr. G. T. Dougherty, Chairman

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

second and third Saturdays

Address all communications in care of the  
Club Rooms open: Thursdays, Satur-  
days and Sundays.

SPACE RESERVED FOR

JERSEY CITY DIVISION, No. 91,

N. F. S. D.

### GRAND BALL

Saturday, February 27, 1926